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Honor the Brave Whose Valor Saved Our Republic.

Memorial Day Address

OF

PATRICK H. CONEY,

OF TOPEKA, KANSAS,

DELIVERED AT

BOONE, IOWA, MAY 30th, 1921,

AND TRIBUTE TO

EMILY SOPHRONIA HITCHCOCK CONEY

AT LINWOOD PARK CEMETERY,
UNVEILING A MONUMENT
TO HER MEMORY.

A Memorial Address

By Patrick H. Coney.

PRESS OF FRANKLIN HUDSON,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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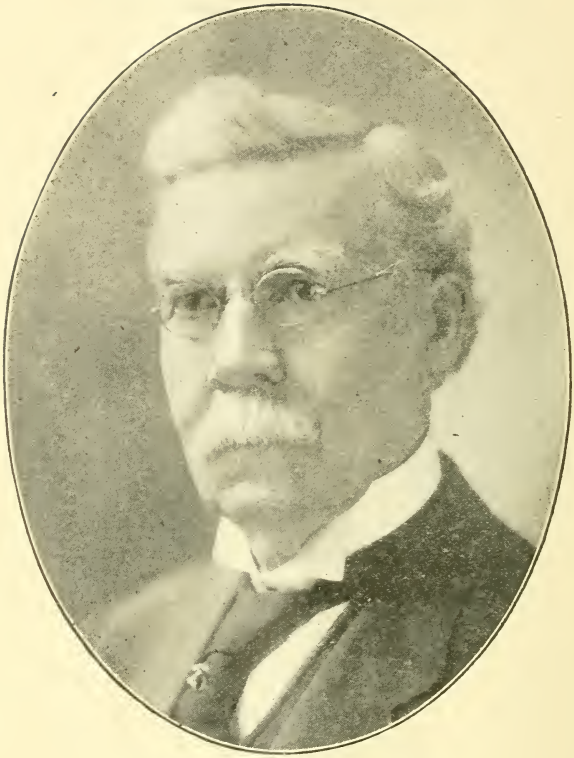


PATRICK H. CONEY.

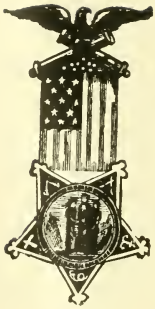
Gift
of Prof
Aug 12 '21

BOONE, IOWA, MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE, 1921.

Upon repeated urgent invitations, by the Grand Army of the Republic comrades and their associate ladies of the Women's Relief Corps, Ladies of the Grand Amy of the Republic, and affiliated societies of the Eastern Star and Pythian Sisters, and members of the American Legion, acting for the good loyal people of Boone and vicinity, their comrade and brother, Patrick H. Coney, Past Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic and active prominent National G. A. R. official, of Topeka, Kansas, responded to their call and delivered the following Memorial Address to a large assembled audience at their fine large Armory Hall, at 2:00 p. m.

Colonel P. D. Swick, for the committee in charge of Memorial Day exercises, presided. General John A. Logan's famous Order No. 1, proclaiming May 30th as a National Memorial Day, was read, followed by patriotic songs rendered by the Boone Chorus Society, and then Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was read, and the Boone Military Band played fine Memorial music.

Colonel Swick then introduced the speaker in a short and eloquent eulogy of his standing and his services as a soldier, a citizen, and a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, as excelled by none. Mr. Coney then spoke as follows:



Memorial Day Address of Patrick H. Coney, Delivered at Boone, Iowa, May 30, 1921.

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, and Compatriots:

This holy day of sacred memories, brings us as true patriots to a solemn, reverential service of loving devotion, that should inspire us all in commemoration of the lives and services of those whose holy sepulchres we are to decorate with fragrant flowers of heavenly incense.

"So we bring our garlands fair
To lay on each dear grave,
And plant with love each breast above
The Flag that long shall wave.
We bow the head above the dead,
Whose deeds shall ever live,
And flowers of spring to-day we bring
And to their memories give."

It was a delightful duty for me to accept your cordial invitation to join with you in this most sacred of all our national legal holy days, in the exemplification of our sincere devotion, in honoring the memory of the lives and sacrificing services of our cherished ones, whose bodies rest in the most beautiful and glorified necropolis of the lamented dead of this historic city and vicinity, famed for its loyalty and enterprise as a progressive people, whose ambitions are not limited to sordid desires for enlarged accumulation of earthly possessions, at the cost of its spiritual, moral, and patriotic supremacy for the maintenance of the principles of our Republic and your own historic State, wrought by the severest self-denial, heroic sacrifices in persistent devotion of its pioneers to the welfare, liberty, and rights of man, above Mammon. Their perseverance through all the vicissitudes of their

primitive lives in courageous contentions that cost a million of lives and many thousands of billions of money, to create and maintain this our glorious Nation of independent States, none grander than your own.

"How sleep our brave who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
Then Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how they fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds their glorious tomb."

This National Holy Day.

In the pregnant and fragrant days of the spring season, when all nature is in bud and bloom in our continental climate, when neither winter's chill, nor summer's scorching sun withers, perishes, nor impairs its precious gifts of beautiful flowers and balmy, angelic zephyrs. that bring forth our most loving thoughts of reverence and obeisance to the Deity and to our benefactors for the choice blessings we are permitted to enjoy.

It was over fifty-eight years ago since Mrs. George F. Evans, of Des Moines, Iowa, an adorable, heroic nurse of the field, during the Civil War of 1861 to 1866, led a band of faithful, patriotic women to Arlington Heights Cemetery, in April, 1863, and there decorated our soldiers' and sailors' graves with their loving hands, in com-

memoration of the loyal sacrifice for our national unity; they repeated this noble and exalting exercise annually thereafter, until our gallant and faithful first Commander-in-chief of our Grand Army of the Republic, General John A. Logan, inspired by this appropriate commemorative respect to our heroic head, proclaimed such a decoration as a dutiful observance, that should be established as a national memorial occasion, and he therefore selected and proclaimed May 30th as the choicest day of the year for this purpose.

There is no day in the calendar of the celebrant days of our Republic, that so impressively brings out and recites in reverential pathos the history of the rise and development of our grand Republic as does May 30th. It vividly animates our reflection, and arouses our vigilance to guard well the achievements of the past and to advance with prudential wisdom in extending the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to all mankind.

So we meet in patriotic devotion when the sunshine and climate are gentle, when the leaves typify youthful strength, when the grass is luxuriant and the flowers are competing with themselves (for they have no other competitors) in rivalry of their beauty against their fragrance, and giving both to us, that they, more eloquent than words, may be offered as expressions of our honor and our love for the bravest, the most chivalrous soldiers the world ever beheld, the rank and file of the great Army of American Freemen.

The sweet, aromatic flowers strewn this day on the graves of our valiant defenders send their perfume heavenward to the spirit, of our loved ones over there, who imbibe the incense and smilingly reflect back to us the faces of our revered and cherished Washington and his compatriots, Montgomery, Stark, Barry, Paul Jones, Warren, Jefferson, Sullivan, Patrick Henry, Paine, Franklin, and their allies in the Revolutionary War, and, in the

formation of our Republic, and of their maintaining and guarding defenders of our national trust, the immortal Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Hancock, Shields, Farragut, Thomas, Garfield, Mulligan, Meagher, and of all the grand heroes of sword and gun, of gun-boat and vessel, of field and hospital, and all who nobly sacrificed their lives in doing faithful duty for our freedom and the defense of our national integrity.

Wherever in Death's serene embrace there sleeps a soldier or sailor of this Republic, whether his eternal rest came to him on battlefield, in prison, or from suffering beyond his years, at last yielding to an unrelenting command, no matter the spot "where valor sleeps," above his lowly mound will gather those who revere his memory and love him and what he did for man and country, and with the fragrant blossoms of springtime, sanctified with tears, bedeck the portals of their narrow abode. From country, hamlet, village, from town and city, throughout this Republic and beyond its borders, in solemn procession, will move the living patriots to pay respect to our cherished dead, who, their battles fought, are now at peaceful rest.

O! Duty, revered by man's devotion and blessed by woman's tears, may the time never come when thy holy purpose shall be lost by neglect or cursed by the wave of forgetfulness; but, as the ages come and go, may the sons and daughters of this Republic, standing by the holy dust of patriots, renew the sacred pledge of our adorable Lincoln, that, come what may, "this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Hallowed Be Their Names and History.

Hallowed be the names and history of the creators of our matchless Republic and of its loyal defenders, who periled their lives, their all, for man against Mammon,

for liberty against tyranny. The cost was appalling, but the blessings to civilization were innumerable. A partial comprehension of the great cost, work, and suffering may be realized by a few statistics from the official records of our Government. The total number of men in the Army and Naval service, in 1776, in the War of the Revolution, lasting six years, was 89,651. The actual number of men engaged varied as necessity required, as many of the men returned to their homes to cultivate their farms and raise supplies for the Army, and would again return for duty as soldiers; in fact, every available man and most of the women of the revolting Colonies were at all times subject to military duty, and faithfully did it, as required; so that, while the army forces seemed to change in number, those engaged were the same, sometimes more and sometimes less, as necessity demanded. The whole number of men actually engaged in military duty during that mighty crucial period, that determined whether there was such a thing possible as independent freedom for man and woman as proclaimed in the immortal Declaration, is estimated at 154,000.

Magnitude, Age, and Service of Our Heroes.

In the War of 1812 with Great Britain there were enlisted 471,622. In the victorious War with Mexico in 1846 there were 161,321 men in service In the various Indian and other small wars, total estimate up to April 1st, 1861, 900,000 men had served in our Army. From April 12, 1861, to the close of the Civil War of the Rebellion, 2,778,204 boys and men were enlisted, of the following ages:

Those 10 years of age	25
Those 11 years of age and under	38
Those 12 years of age and under	225
Those 13 years of age and under	300
Those 14 years of age and under	1,523
Those 15 years of age and under	104,987

Those 16 years of age and under	231,051
Those 17 years of age and under	844,981
Those 18 years of age and under	1,151,453
Those 21 years of age and under	2,159,798
Those 22 years of age and over	618,511
Those 25 years of age and over	46,626
Those 44 years of age and over	16,071
Total	2,778,204

The grand total of enlisted men during all our wars up to July 1st, 1890, was 3,678,204; in the Spanish-American War, 678,000; in the World European War, over 4,000,000 were enrolled.

The estimated fatalities from Bunker Hill to the close of the Rebellion, in killed, wounded, and death from other causes incidental to Army and Naval service, were over 1,000,000, out of a total enrollment of 3,678,204, or a loss of 30 per cent. This was not all of the sacrifice and cost of the inestimable boon of our liberties. During the War of the Rebellion, from 1861 to 1866, over 300,000 lives were lost in the field service, and over 500,000 were wounded, maimed, and made helpless in the line of their duty, whose lives were greatly shortened and their opportunities and hopes in civil life blasted; there was not a man who experienced actual service in the field who did not contract or incur injuries or disabilities of some character, that he would not have otherwise received in civil or domestic life, that made his remaining days a painful burden, with sacrificed opportunities and an abbreviated career.

Not Excelled in All History.

There is not in preceding human history such an evidence of devotion to country as that exemplified by the patriots of our Republic, who out of a military population of 5,625,723 men, in 1861, there responded to the call of Father Abraham 2,778,204 men—boys, who with

their lives in their hands volunteered to do mortal battle, to do or die, for conscience and country, showing that nearly one-half of our male military citizenship between the ages of 14 or 45 actually entered military service. These figures are intensified in their force when we find, by the report of the Provost Marshal General, that but one-half of the military population (that is, men and boys between the ages of 18 and 45) was available; the other half being exempt from physical defects and other causes. It will be seen that there were actually mustered into the United States military service, from April, 1861, to April, 1865, a number of men equal to the whole number liable for military duty at the opening of the Civil War.

At the same ratio of available and responsive patriots, an army of volunteers of 35,000,000 could be mobilized for our defense to-day, that would successfully resist any invading force or suppress any insurrection that might threaten our safety as a nation.

The tremendous sacrifice and pain that these statistics portray dazzles and dazes the thoughtful meditation of anyone who is appreciative; shuddering and animating sadness overshadows exalting admiration in the reflection on the affectionate ambitions annulled, hope destroyed, the ties of family and kindred sundered and homes shattered; on the fatiguing marches, distress and suffering in field and camp, the restless nights and days unsheltered from the elements, storms, rain, sleet, frost, and snow, or the scorching sun's rays, and pestered with inclement weather and the increments of army life; vermin that infests and poisons; often with only the canopy of clouds for a covering and the sod for a bed, with the indescribable horrors of battle, distracting wounds, hospital misery and agony, endured by this vast army of 2,778,204 brave defenders of our country and our flag; all this was ex-

perienced on hundreds of American battlefields for the establishment and preservation of this Republic of ours.

"Hail, regal heroes of all our wars! Your names shall ever be
In glory engraved on Honor's roll—beloved by all the free;
Each heart that throbs for freedom a sacred book shall keep
For freedom's volunteers, who fought on land or on the deep."

Of the 2,778,204 enlisted men of the Civil War, less than 222,000 are now living, over two and a half million have been transferred to the eternal bivouac of our comrades over there, and those remaining are passing over at the rate of 2,000 or more per month. The time is not far distant when final taps will be sounded for the last survivor of that greatest of all human strifes, that shall ever remain unparalleled in magnitude of accomplishments.

Liberty Ungained in the World War.

The World War conscripted army, was called forth to vindicate our alleged neutral international rights on the high seas, but specifically to extend the blessing of our glorious liberty and self-determination to all humanity, the right to govern themselves, not as others might choose, but as the people themselves should wish to be governed. President Wilson in his declaration of war so decreed in his fourteen sacred points—with no purpose of conquest, no aggrandizement; not for greed or avarice, but alone for freedom to all humanity, and the displacement of dynasty and monarchy. This declaration was accepted by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium. Our brave boys went and conquered—victoriously, as our Army and Navy always do. They saved the armies of England and France, and they conquered the German dynasty—destroyed it. But they failed to gain the liberty guaranteed, of the right of self-government, of self-determination.

See Ireland, a small nation, for seven hundred years struggling for the right to govern herself, free and independent. That she fought for under President Wilson's delusion, declaring war with Germany. All that they truly fought for was vainglorious, except the German defeat. All else vanished at Versailles' debauching manipulation, by Great Britain's dictation. We accomplished all for which we fought.

That gigantic army of 1861–1865, unequaled in all history, was composed of young men mostly under 21 years of age and nearly 50 per cent under 18 years of age. They came from the farms, the shops, the stores, the offices, and the schools; they came from Ireland and Germany to help us.

"The shadows of my comrades I loved so long ago
Are flitting in my vision, their faces well I know;
And from the roar of battle I hear their voices rise,
To mingle with our triumph and echo in the skies."

Undiminishing glory and imperishable adoration of eternal praise is everlastingly due and will always be fervently given the gallant and heroic fathers of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, of Mexico, and of Spain and the Philippines, and the World War in Europe; but it is no discredit to them, in the truthful declaration, that all they stood for and bravely battled for victoriously, the men of the Civil War stood for and defended, and made possible the Spanish-American and German War victories, and, in addition thereto, the Civil War of 1861 to 1866 abolished human slavery and made an inseparable nation, one and indivisible. Were it not for our glorious victory in 1865 we could not have engaged in the late wars with Spain and Germany. Our great victory emblazoned liberty to light, the hope of the enslaved and oppressed and downtrodden everywhere. We opened the doors of opportunity, with equal chances and rights to

all the industrious and ambitious, so that they who would might live and prosper.

A Victory for the Vanquished.

The victory of the Civil War was a victory for the vanquished foe, as well as for the victor. It did more for commerce, for labor and for all industries, for all classes, for all business, for all churches, for education, for all character of development, for liberty, and for all humanity than any preceding victory since the dawn of light. The world was blessed more from our awful sanguinary victory than by any crisis or action since the victory of the Cross, alone excepted.

"Then we should never prove faithless
To the gallant blood they shed.
Our foes have been forgiven,
But we shall never forget our dead."

Alarming Danger.

Dangers are now insidiously seeking to gain in peace all lost in wars against us. Patriots, arouse to this most fearful intrigue. The pro-British Anglicans, invisible Tories of the speculative monarchial strain of the plutocratic class, gormandizing persons who fear the common people and profit by an intrenched, invisible government control, were over thirty per cent in the Colonies, and their generation, augmented by emigration and enriched societies, are dangerously with us still, and have been and are now more invidiously than ever inveigling their pro-British propaganda into our literature, through our schools and publications of press and magazines, disparaging and deflecting our Revolutionary fathers and all they contended victoriously for in severing themselves from the tyranny of Great Britain, and are now trying to delete our immortal Declaration of Independence and our Star-spangled Banner and Washington's Farewell Address, and urge the abandonment of the celebration of our National

Independence Day July 4th, until now it is almost an uncelebrated holiday. I seriously admonish you to beware of these intriguing methods of nullifying our glorious history of Independence, by constant vigilance, in actively suppressing such disloyalty to our social history and in maintaining our reverence for the attainments through cherished sacrifices for our sacred liberties in the preservation of them through studious and alert patriotism for the fundamental principles of our matchless Republic.

The West Transformed and Made a New World.

This western land has all been transformed under and by progressive civilizing settlements of persistent industrial developers, that have turned this once barren land into the most fertile fields of enriching production, through the beneficent influence of Christian devotion, cultivated here, through the developing laws and inspiration of your soldier-modeled and built State, until you have here a modern-built city of peace, prosperity, culture, comfort, refinement, and competency, doing unto others as ye would that others should do unto you, and doing it in advance of the other, making it an ideal Christian abode of schools, churches, and justice, successful in all the lawful pursuits of civil life, where an injury to one inhabitant is the concern of all, "bearing each other's burdens and sharing each other's joys." This was all wrought through the development following the glorious victory of the appalling Civil War; for, had the Rebellion unfortunately succeeded, there would be no stable and developing government here under one flag and centrifical Republic, but, instead of a united nation, we would have four or five confederated governments, small so-called republics, but really dynasties like turbulent Mexico, none having confidence sufficient to make great industrial, inventive, and educational development. But our di-

vinely blessed victory at Appomatox, made us a nation, one and inseparable forever, with one flag, one country, and one God; giving us unlimited credit and confidence that inspired unprecedented development. To prove this, let me point out to you some of the gigantic developments since the close of our Civil War, as this is the time and place to exemplify the blessing that came to us through the sacrifice and valor of those whose lives and death we to-day commemorate by these ceremonies.

Unprecedented Accomplishments.

At the victorious close of the War of the Rebellion there were less than fifty miles of railway west of the Missouri River; now there are more miles of railway west of the Missouri River than there were on all the earth prior thereto.

There are to-day more products of the soil west of the Mississippi River than was produced from all the earth prior to the Civil War.

There are more gold, silver, and precious and crude minerals and metals produced west of the Mississippi River to-day than were produced from all the earth prior to the Civil War.

There are more and better educational institutions west of the Alleghany Mountains to-day than there were on all the earth prior to the Civil War.

There are more churches west and north of the Alleghanies to-day than there were on all the globe prior to the Civil War.

And so I could go on demonstrating without limit or exhaustion.

After the Civil War victory at Appomatox, the enterprising, inventive genius, by our protective patent laws and secure government, was inspired, as was idle capital, or money that was hidden and hoarded, and they all

became active, and the following great and incomprehensible inventions and developments ensued:

1. The invention, manufacture, and laying of the world-connecting Atlantic cables.
2. The promotion and construction of the steel continent-binding Pacific railway systems.
3. The telephone systems.
4. The electric development of lighting and heating power.
5. The marvelous railway constructions that connect the country, cities, and towns together with bands of steel.
6. The mighty engineering feats in bridge constructions across our greatest rivers and waterways at New York and over the Mississippi and Missouri and other great water-courses.
7. Tunneling under the greatest rivers at New York and elsewhere.
8. The elevated railways and subway railways, traveling by rail above and below the surface of the earth.
9. The gigantic, most destructive and irresistible water-conquering naval constructed armored war vessels and privately owned commercial floating city vessels.
10. The submarine and under-water torpedo, war boats to fight destructively under water.
11. The monstrous and incomprehensible dam constructions, harnessing the waste waters for serviceable power and for irrigating and reclaiming arid and desert lands.
12. The mighty reservoir constructions to reserve and husband the wasting waters, and utilizing the same.

13. The phonograph, or talking machine and singing machine, by the wizard Edison.
14. The leviathan elevators and grain storehouse improvements.
15. The typewriter and computing cash registers.
16. The type-setting machine, printing presses, and printing machinery.
17. The bicycle, tricycle, and motorcycle.
18. The automobile.
19. The aeroplanes, or flying machines.
20. Wireless telegraphy.
21. Multiple telegraphy.
22. Innumerable labor-saving and time-saving, economical farming machinery too numerous to specify.
23. The eighth wonder of human accomplishment, the mighty Panama Canal, unprecedented.
24. The revised and improved conditions and systematizing of every line of business and financial affairs.
25. And hundreds of other kinds of economic labor-saving and time-saving expediting machinery.

Also bewildering improvements in armament, gunnery, and life-destroying equipments for war preparations, guns that will carry shells and other explosives twenty miles, and perfecting army regulations, as well as naval and hospital and sanitary perfections, that make war more destructive than ever before and far more horrible. These and many other improvements are the inspired fruits of our victories in war and in peace, the results of the valorous sacrifices of the men and women we to-day commemorate and glorify.

It is for these and other blessings to man and country that we offer our tribute of praise and shall continue to do so while loyalty and patriotism have an abiding

place in the hearts and minds of the men and women of America and the civilized world.

Iowa Was a Soldier State.

You sent nearly 78,000 volunteers from this brave State. This is nearly four times as many as Kansas sent, but she sent as many as she had men able to bear arms; but there settled in Kansas after the close of the Civil War over 125,000 ex-Union and many ex-Confederate soldiers from all over this united nation, and there was not a convention or legislature up to 1890 that nearly two-thirds of its members were not ex-Union soldiers; they made our Constitution and by-laws, and they are the best on earth to-day.

"There are heroes of peace, as well as of war." And the pioneers of Iowa who came to these plains, as our fathers crossed the sea, to make the West, as they did the East, the homestead of the free, they denied themselves Eastern comforts, they endured all, they suffered all, to remain here through drouth and pestilence, to sternly and humanely make this, as it is, the grandest commonwealth one earth, of which we are all swelled with pride, and we cherish our pioneers for the blessings we to-day enjoy, and we honor and commemorate them jointly in all these our memorial exercises.

In all these progressive achievements Iowa did her steadfast and valiant part, from her earliest days and in the crucial test for our preservation as a united nation and the abolishment of slavery. The loyal and patriotic people of your magnificent State from its undeveloped conditions, rallied to the call of the immortal Lincoln to the defense of our Republic without reservation of money or supplies. The inspiring memory of its men and measures attracted my profoundest admiration, and its history comes to me in the most adorable recollection; the distinguished gladiators of the unconquerable cast of mind

and courage that Iowa produced to make our glorious victory possible. I recall that stalwart war governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, and his successor, Governor William M. Stone, whose address to your tenth general assembly arouses to-day the intensest patriotism and ought to be again read by every true patriot of this Republic, as it is a tocsin, sounding call to vigorous loyalty; and General Nathaniel N. Baker, your war adjutant general, an exemplary soldier and commanding organizer; and the fine heroic commanders, Generals A. C. Dodge and Granville M. Dodge; and the great soldier, General W. W. Belknap, the adorable victor of many battles; and General D. R. Henderson; and the great jurists and exemplary judges, James Harlan, Henry C. Caldwell, and A. J. McCrary; and the distinguished statesmen, Honorable William B. Allison and William P. Fessenden, John P. Irish, John A. T. Hull, and the Clarksons; and your distinguished senator, Honorable A. B. Cummings; and many others of renown in the historic development of your great State, most of whom I personally knew and cordially regard them each highly.

Those who gave their lives for us,
But who to-day lie in the dust,
We honor now with praise to God,
Who gave them to us, of noble blood.

May generations yet to come
Their hallowed memory still proclaim;
And while the earth rolls on in space,
May freedom e'er maintain its place.

May we with equal courage true
The duties now before us do,
Till from on high a voice is heard,
"Come thou unto thy sure reward."

Our Generosity, Forgiving, Yet Not Forgetting.

Iowa, with the North and East, has shown the most

generous consideration for our revolting and misguided ex-Confederates. We have acted the part of the forgiving brother; they were not persecuted, their property was not confiscated, as has been done by other victorious military combatants, by foreign governments, leaving nothing to the captured foes, except the possible enslaved right to live. Not so with us: we adopted the advice of the immortal Lincoln, who so eloquently declared, that "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature, shall swell the chorus of the Union for a united, peaceful and happy people. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to bind up the Nation's wounds, and to care for him who bore the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Also, the gallant, fraternal admonition of our great commander, General U. S. Grant, who said to them at the surrender of General Robert E. Lee and his army at Appomatox: "Retain your side-arms and your horses, return to your homes, be good, and let 's have peace." We appreciate the self-inflicted misfortunes of our Southern brothers and sisters, through their ill-advised, unfortunate curse, that drenched our fair land in blood and tears, and made waste and desolate their own homes. We sympathized with them and did more than was or could be expected of us to help them to help themselves and to assuage their grief, and to restore prosperity to them and their children; this we have done far better than they ever could have done for themselves, had they been successful in their cruel and unrighteous rebellion.

We restored to them their previous civil rights, by granting to them all general amnesty, thereby admitting them into equal citizenship and fellowship in all political rights with ourselves, the same as they had before they rebelled, allowing them to take equal seats in our legislative councils; this was all unprecèdented in all former history of governments.

But Kansas went still farther, and elected one of their ex-Confederate commanders, Colonel W. A. Harris, a member of Congress at large, and then elected him to the United States Senate, and came very near electing him governor. He was respected and honored regardless of his service in trying to destroy our Union and to change our flag, and to maintain human slavery as an oligarchy on this continent. He made a creditable representative. No Southern State has ever forgotten their prejudices long enough to confer like honors upon any of our Civil War veterans. Not only this, but they are proving ungrateful and recreant in not having accepted our National Constitution and laws, and applying them in good faith, in obeying and enforcing them; instead of doing so, they are nullifying the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to our National Constitution, by disfranchising Negroes and denying to them their valid rights as electors and voters, and in denying to them an education as guaranteed by these amendments and the laws for their execution under them.

Disloyalty Must Cease.

This is disloyalty to our constitutional government. This they are doing in the face of the well-known fact, that it cost more in sacrifice, life, blood, and money to secure the adoption of these two amendments to our Constitution than all the other parts of the Constitution and our laws combined; they are indeed more blind to their future safety and happiness than they were in

1861, if they conscientiously believe they can carry on their nullification of the Negroes' constitutional rights, and of respect to our flag, and our accomplishments in war and peace, without bringing upon themselves *another crisis*, which I pray to high Heaven may be averted, but it will surely come if they unwisely persist in their unlawful nullification. The Negroes are with them and with us, and we must protect and improve them and their condition, and make them useful citizens, which they are capable of; or, by denying them their rights and their education and ambitious development, make them vicious and dangerous, which is a natural result of a denial of their lawful and God-given rights. We must tolerate and improve them; we can not exterminate or deport them. The past experience of our Southern brothers should cause them to reflect and change their misconduct towards their Negroes, with whom they are far more familiar than we of the North are, and by giving them their lawful rights make them more useful and agreeable inhabitants and citizens, thereby preventing their hatred and misconduct.

We have no animosities to gratify against our Southland citizens or their valiant veterans of their ill-fated Confederacy. We have only a fraternal spirit toward all who heroically fought for the unholy separation of our national unity, now one in love and union. We now only feel grateful for their error, that enabled us to be what we are, without which we might never have made the glorious record we did. They were brave men and women, misguided by England into a forlorn and hopeless contest; they can, and they will, mingle in the fraternal joys of our mutual salvation from dismemberment of our national integrity, and unite with us in a glorified Republic of unequaled prosperity for all, North, South, East, and West, with the solemn prayer that never may ill-temper

or contentions or dissension ever again cause the shedding of blood between the peace-loving people of our United States.

"May no more the war-cry sever,
Nor winding rivers be red.
O God, banish our anger forever,
As we laurel the graves of our dead."

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

Our Dearest Queens.

Our guide, our hope, our helper, our best friend—our mother; our wives, our daughters, our sisters, our sweethearts, our kindred, the noblest gift of God to man—our women!

Without them the armies, both North and South, would have failed. They kept alive the rebellion in the South. They were *our* inspiration, hope, and support for our Union Army; they kept alive the spirit of patriotism at home; they maintained the home, the farm, the shop, the store, the school, the church—they kept the whole machinery of business and social life in active operation at home. Their spirit of sacrificial patriotism inspired us most to duty, to victory or death, in camp and on battlefield. They took our part and places at home; they endured all losses and suffering with fortitude and devotional love, never halting, never wavering, never despairing.

Our heroic mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, with the loyal women of America, were our Joan of Arc during the most somber hours of this Republic, and are to us our regal queens, deserving the rarest crowns of heavenly luster that ever filigreed a human head.

They were and are to us, and should be to every faithful American, the most sacred blessing to man.

"She who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
The starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear
And Fame may never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory."

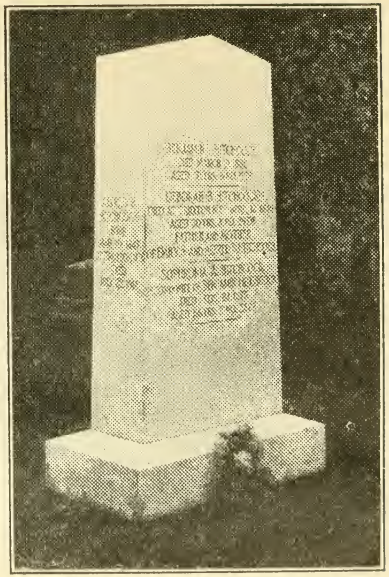
UNVEILING MONUMENT, AT THE BEAUTIFUL LINWOND CEMETERY TO

EMILY SOPHRONIA HITCHCOCK CONEY

The sisters of the Eastern Star and other allied societies gave their formal service at the grave and monument, and Patrick H. Coney spoke as follows:

Emily Sophronia Hitchcock Coney, to whose honor and revered memory you have to-day unveiled an enduring granite and bronze memorial, bearing an exact profile of her ever-charming living features, when last seen in her vigor of life, and an inscription of her life and that of her father, mother, and brother. This monument stands upon the beautiful plot selected by herself and her beloved father, Benjamin Hicthcock, in 1873, and was subsequently enlarged by herself in 1882 so as to own all of Lot 216. This beautiful plot, facing the drive alongside of "Honey Creek," is in symphony with her sweet, poetic, sublime nature and disposition, portraying her abiding faith in calm serenity, of an enchanting rest of a weary, worn body in heavenly repose with God. She came into this life at Truxton, New York, on November 24, 1844, the daughter of Benjamin and Deborah Hitchcock. Her mother died in 1849, in Truxton, New York, and her father then married Sophronia, a sister of her mother. Benjamin Hitchcock was one of the early pioneers of Binghamton and Cortland, New York, that sturdy stock that victoriously fought for freedom from Great Britain in the Revolution in 1776, and again in 1812; when Benjamin was given birth, the battles of the lakes and land were being fought against the British. Benjamin Hitchcock, with his wife Sophronia and his daughter Emily S. and his son Alfred

In Memory of Mrs. P. H. Coney.



The monument shown above was unveiled on Memorial Day in Linwood Park Cemetery by P. H. Coney, of Topeka, Kansas. to the memory of his wife, the late Emily Sophronia Hitchcock Coney. The monument stands on a beautiful spot selected by her and her father, the late Benjamin Hitchcock. The family of the deceased removed to this State during the Civil War and settled soon afterward in this vicinity. Mrs. Coney resided for a number of years with her husband in Kansas and she passed away there. The remains were sent to this city for interment in the family lot in Linwood Park Cemetery, marked by this beautiful monument.

EMILY SOPHRONIA HITCHCOCK CONEY.

B., was attracted to the possibilities and loyalty of Iowa during the Civil War of 1861 and 1865, and soon thereafter moved to Boone, Iowa, and here he engaged in the grain business, which he succeeded in, and was well and prominently known and universally respected as a moral Christian and loyal citizen. He died in this city in 1882, his wife Sophronia preceding him in 1873 to her heavenly home. His son, Alfred Benjamin Hitchcock, married and reared a family in this city, and was for years successfully engaged in the dairy and milk business. He died at the home of his sister, Emily S. H. Coney, in Topeka, Kansas, July 22d, 1918, aged 71. He is at rest here, where I interred him by the side of his father and sister.

The glorious record of Iowa in war and peace was always an admiration to me, and, as a sequence, her charming, patriotic women, like Mrs. George F. Evans, the author of our Memorial Day, attracted my loving, wishing eyes and soul, with a keen sense of their accomplishments for a soul helpmate, and, as all good things come to them that wait patiently for guidance of Providence, there came into my life, at mature years of understanding and appreciation, this ideal child of God, Emily Sophronia Hitchcock, and we united in holy, loving matrimony our travails and joys on July 28th, 1886, and I took her from her many loving and worshiping friends in this city, where she was well and affectionately known as a Christian helper, worker, writer, and patriot. I took her to Topeka, Kansas, where I had lived for many years, and we made it our delightful home. She became an active helper in my office and legal practice; also in all patriotic work of our city and State, and became prominently identified with our most popular fraternal, literary, and social promotions. But few of her sex in Kansas gained the love and respect that she earned from

all with whom she came in contact. She left a heritage of the most honored name and of valuable writings and collections to be compiled and published. Her collections are a museum in themselves. She was ceaseless and tireless in patriotic service, and in helping others, regardless of her own sacrifice. She lived and died in this spirit, to which she was devoted, and oft expressed:

"Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetting way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others."

She humbly bore her sacrifice of suffering and pain,
That others' wrongs might thereby pleasure gain;
Her cross was her crown of glory, wrought by duty done
In grandeur, love and service for everyone.

She came back to her childhood home to repose forever, after a distinguished service for home, her family, her friends, her fraternities, her city, State, and country, leaving a renowned record ever to be cherished by all that knew her. For to know her was to love her, and to love her was but to praise.

"O spotless woman, in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Gone back to God as white and pure as you came,
The queenliest of heroines born!"

And now there be her praise of her love-written record,
Her face, name, and epitaph graven on the stone;
The things she lived for, let them be her story,
And she be remembered by what she has done.

I now leave her monumented abode to the patriotic, faithful care of you loyal people she so devotedly loved and longed to rest with. May succeeding generations be as dutiful to her memory as she was to others, and as I would and will be while alive. I entrust her tomb to you while I am far away. Having rendered my full earthly duty to my dearest loved one, I leave her to

her rest with her friends and her God till we meet again soon over there.

In Parting.

I thank you for your courteous attention, and hope that what I have said may be deemed worthy of your profoundest consideration and application. I am glad to have had the privilege of visiting this place *now dear to me* again, and I pray this may not be the last time.

In this parting, I invoke of the Divinity the preservation of our Republic, in its progressing refulgency, and the salvation to all our people, the peaceful and prosperous possession of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, in the pure, untrammeled enjoyment of the exercise of their citizenship, regardless of the press syndicates or other combines to hobble and control our franchise; and at all times doing unto and exacting of others truth, honesty, and honor in their individual and public conduct, bearing in mind always that there is more in the salvation of a republic than the mere absence of a king or emperor.

"Freedom is a trust from God,
To true men's guardianship consigned;
Who bow to brute Oppression's rod
Are slaves and traitors to their kind."

There never should be in manly, upright Americans any fear to do right, regardless of party or power. Let them that have earned freedom, peace, and prosperity in this land, that valor saved and made the most prosperous of all the earth, never fear to speak independently and dauntlessly their convictions, honestly and truthfully, and, above all, exercise their right of franchise accordingly, for God and country; for

"Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown,—
These pass onward when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest of what we have done."

Adieu, till we meet again, here or hereafter!

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